

Children's Department.

From Akron, Ind

I think the two little girls are going to the lake to play. They have their dolls with them. I think they will have a nice time. The lake is very large and the girls are all alone. Their faces look bright and pleasant. I think the older girl will give one of her dolls to her little sister, as I am sure she is not selfish.

ANNA HOFFMAN.

I think those two girls are talking of going out to play and what a good time they will have. I think the smaller girl wants the best doll and it looks as if she would get it. I think the oldest should give way to the little one as they do not know any better. The two girls look as though they were good girls. I am not always a good girl. I am six years old.

SADIE HOFFMAN.

[These are two nice little letters, and I think you have almost guessed what they are doing or what they are going to do. There is something about the picture, however, which I think you have not seen. Look again, very closely, at the biggest girl, see where she holds the doll, and then make another guess.

Sadie, you are quite young to write so nice a letter, but will you tell me why you are not always a good girl? Is it hard to be good? Do you get cross sometimes? I hope you will try very hard to be a real good little girl, and perhaps papa will bring you to Ashland, some day, to see where these papers are printed.—ED.]

From Sullivan, O.

DEAR EDITOR:—As I saw in *Our Little Folks* that you would like to have the children write about those two little girls, and tell what they are doing, I will tell you what I think. They are two little sisters that are very happy. One girl has two dolls in her hand; she is giving one to her little sister. She is keeping the ugliest doll and is giving her sister the nice one. If I had two dolls I would give one to my sister.

MYRTLE LINDSEY.

[My little girl, you have a very good idea of what *ought* to be, but are you quite sure that this girl is doing what you say? Look again. Why do you think she holds the one on her back? Make another guess. Look at the picture very carefully and write again. You say, if you had *two* dolls you would give one to your sister, but now suppose you had only *one*, and your sister would want it, then what would you do? Can you tell?—ED.]

From Claypool, Ind.

This is my first letter for the EVANGELIST. I am eight years old. I read in the third reader when I go to school, but our school is out now. I have three sisters and two brothers, my sisters are the oldest and my brothers are older than I am. Mamma and papa and my three sisters belong to the Brethren church. I go to Sunday-school; my teacher's name is Minnie Minear, she is my cousin, I like her very much. Brother Hopkins is going to preach this evening. I intend to go. He is our pastor. Good-bye.

MINNIE MINEAR.

From Boone, Pa.

This is my second attempt to write for this paper. I have one sister and one brother. I was at preaching last evening. I have seen no letters from Boone for quite a while, so I thought I would write a letter. This is a pleasant June day and the birds are singing sweetly, and the flowers are in bloom. Yours truly.

June 23.

GRACE WALKER.

PIETY IN CHILDHOOD.

Early knowledge of God is the best preparation for the duties of life. The mind is not then distracted with many vexing thoughts, the philosophies of men have not perplexed the thinking, investigation has not raised questions and presented insoluble enigmas, experience has not introduced the spirit to the intricacies of the divine government, nor acquainted it with the doubts, and fears, and struggles of humanity. A child can turn to the Creator as a loving heavenly Father, and rest in his goodness and power as it confides in the affectionate care of an earthly parent. In the simplicity and trust of childhood the holiest relations with God are possible, and the sweetness and sincerity of youthful prayers are the most powerful testimony to their absolute honesty. Two children in a Christian household were recently playing a game, and the little boy said, "I knew it was coming out so." "How did you know?" queried his sister. "Because I prayed to God for it," he instantly replied. "That was not fair," she said; "for if I had known you were going to pray about it, I should have prayed too." What could more fully disclose affectionate confidence in God on the part of little children than this conversation? To start into life with such a conception of the Creator, with loving confidential relations with him, with such constant communion with him, is superb preparation for the ills and disappointments that must be encountered.

—Dr. S. H. Virgin.

A LITTLE TRAVELER.

A pale little lad in a West-bound train glanced wistfully toward a seat where a mother and her merry children were eating lunch. The tears gathered in his eyes, though he tried to keep them back. A passenger came and stood beside him.

"What's the trouble?" he asked. "Have you no lunch?"

"Yes, I have a little left, and I'm not so awful hungry."

"What is it, then? Tell me; perhaps I can help you."

"It's—it's so lonely, and there's such a lot of them there, and—and they've got their mother."

The young man glanced at the black band on the boy's hat. "Ah," he said gently, "and you have lost yours."

"Yes, and I'm going to my uncle; but I've never seen him. A kind lady, the doctor's wife, who put up my lunch, hung this card to my neck. She told me to show it to the ladies on the car, and they would be kind to me; but I didn't show it to any one yet. You may read it if you like."

The young man raised the card and read the name and address of the boy. Below were the words:—

"And whosoever shall give drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

The reader brushed his hand across his eyes, and was silent for a moment. Then, "I'll come back very soon," he said, and made his way to the mother and her children.

And presently little George felt a pair of loving arms about him, and a woman's voice, half sobbing, calling him a poor, dear little fellow, begged him to come with her to her children. And for the rest of that journey, at least, motherless George had no lack of "mothering."—*New York Tribune*.

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